

Every February, my wife has to go the Fling Ding Dance at Sonora. Regardless of how much fun she's been having keeping house and looking after the kids, she gets the idea that we ought to go to one dance a year.

As any television commercial proves, housework is closer related to having a party than it is to a job. Scenes flip on the tube all day long showing women dancing around the kitchen, singing gay little ditties as they wash the floor or clean the oven. Vacuum cleaners hum a rock and roll beat; the simple act of using oleomargarine is a spirited experience that'd make a line of high kicking chorus girls appear to be hobbled.

The only indoor work my sons and I do is dust our pool table and keep our gun cabinet clean. But from what I see of modern homekeeping, it's the easiest job going. Women, I suppose, are the last remaining segment of the leisure class. Cleopatra wouldn't have taken her first boat ride if she could have lived in this frivolous age. She would have wanted to stay home to run washing machines and flip on the dishwasher. Her lovers would have a hard time talking her into leaving the fancy gadgets of these times. Boat riding down the Nile can't compare to the thrill of operating a steam iron or cooking on a multi-burner stove.

After we got down to Sonora to go the dance, my wife still wasn't satisfied. I rented the nicest \$4 a day room in town, yet every time she had to walk about 50 feet to the bathroom, she'd start complaining how far the bathing facilities were from the room.

Doctors keep preaching that fresh air and exercise are the pathway to good health. People read those things, then think they are going on a 14-mile hike if they have to walk across the street to brush their teeth.

Oh, sure, for three or four times more money we could have checked in a motel that would suit one of the Kennedys. Innkeepers thrive on spendthrifts who have to have a double bed for two people. Coffee shop owners are delighted to run up a score on customers who can't take the trouble to fix supper on a hot plate. The country is overrun by motel operators who are more than willing to play on man's weakness for luxury. If they can trick somebody into paying \$10 a day extra for a private bath, they are ready to go.

I did get part of my money back watching the crowd at the dance. Last year, the ladies were wearing a sort of blouselet called a mini skirt. This year, they were wearing what they said were pants suits, but looked more like multi-colored sailor uniforms.

You could tell the difference between the males and females, but so much of the winning features of the girls were covered by cloaks and wide flared slacks that it didn't matter much what sex you were looking at. Everybody was having a good time, so I don't guess anyone cares much whether their dancing partner looks like a girl or a young kid that'd just got out of boot camp in California.

Wives are going to have to be brought back under stricter routines or they're going to be wanting to run around all the time. A lot of business we have going to a dance during the worst drouth that's hit here in 10 years. You can't feed a bunch of hungry cows while lying around in a posh motel room.